

NOW THEN.

GEORGE LAW. THE ALE CITY. ILLUM SPHERE.
A MAGAZINE FOR SHEFFIELD. ISSUE 40. FREE.



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NOW THEN IS A FREE MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PEOPLE IN SHEFFIELD.

We aim to cultivate choice, voice and responsibility by providing a platform for independent art, trade, music, writing and local news. We support Sheffield's economy by only working with independent traders, community groups, charities and local government.

Almost all articles published in this magazine are written by members of the community, not professionals. If you don't like what you read or have something that needs to be said, get in touch. Your opinions make Now Then what it is.

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Enjoy the read.

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EDITORIAL.

Thanks to everyone who came down to Peace in the Park last month and checked out the Opus/Now Then stage. We had a whale of a time, hosted some great musicians and also raised money for Sheffield Mind and Self Help Africa. We'll see you all next year for more of the same.

Doug Pyper returns this month with an article about drug policy and a brief interview with Professor David Nutt, former chair of the government's Advisory Council on the Misuse of Drugs, who was dismissed in 2009 for stating that ecstasy is statistically no more harmful than horse riding.

I would also recommend you read Ben Jackson's piece on real ale in Sheffield and beyond. I'm sure I don't need to tell you that beer is an important part of our heritage, but more than that it is a vital industry and must remain so. Local breweries need your support, so get supping.

SAM.

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LOCALCHECK.

ACCESS SPACE.

HOSTED BY ALT-SHEFF.

If you go down to the town today, you're in for a big surprise, at least in certain areas. Walk to the end of the Workstation. Don't cross the road into the Rutland pub, but go through the door of a building with very quirky bars on the windows. This is Access Space, and there isn't much like it anywhere else in this country. It calls itself a free, open-source arts and media lab. If you usually run a mile from anything called arts, drop your expectations at the door. They mean participatory art - anyone can do it, even you if you like. Here you're more likely to find a Big Issue seller than a pretentious artiste discussing paleo-postmodernism. This is Sheffield - we don't do posh, we do fun.

At first sight the main room is like an internet cafe jumbled into an art gallery. The back room is even stranger. It's a friendly place to drop in for a free cuppa and a chat, in a world where everything else seems designed to make a profit out of you. And you can discuss paleo-postmodernism if you like, probably with a Big Issue seller, a retired lecturer or a jobless genius.

The main activity here is digital, but there's not a mention of Microsoft or Apple. The techie volunteers are evangelical about Linux software. Now super-improved through its 'crowd sourcing' development, there's nothing that over-bloated commercial programs can do better than Linux. Except rip you off, because this is totally free, with free upgrades - forever. In fact, even the computers themselves cost nothing, because they're all donated, second hand, rebuilt and in full working order. If you want one, they'll give you a hand to build one you can take home with you. Access Space is keen to turn people from passive consumers into active producers. If you've got a project in mind, from an animation to a campaign, a website to an event, come and have a word.

This place really doesn't fit into any pattern. Did I mention the live events? The last one was a noise gig with live light-to-sound conversion. And there was Dorkbot, a meeting of people doing strange things with electricity. Next up, on Saturday 16th July from midday to midnight, the space plays host to Sheffield Placard Headphone Festival 2011, an international streamed headphone festival running since 1998. Performers are lining up for 20-minute slots, with some big local names pencilled in.

Access Space functions as a recycling point for tech equipment and for people's experience of digital possibilities, but again that's not all. The next plan is making real things in a so-called 'DIY Fab Lab' (short for fabrication laboratory). The idea is a sort of people's factory, to let you design and build whatever you like. Tinkerers welcome. Dreamers and visionaries come on in. Self-replicating robots? Not here ... oh, wait a minute, they're working on one with a laser cutter made from spare parts.

Like every other organisation, there's a price to pay, as the government shifts our money from community resources into bankers' back pockets. Friends of Access Space is a supportive group determined to keep this one going, and they'd welcome any ideas and enquiries of a fundraising nature, because like a good deed in a naughty world, Access Space is a bit unique. Something else for Sheffield to be proud of. Get down there and have a look round.

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access-space.org
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HEALTH AND WEALTH.

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Proportion of people on income support in Sheffield

Rate of people dying (all causes) in Sheffield

The left hand map shows the proportion of people in Sheffield on income support. The right hand map shows the rate of people dying. What we see is almost a carbon copy. Across the city, where there is poverty, there are lower life expectancies, higher rates of mental health problems, still-births and teenage pregnancy.

Why, in a relatively rich country, do the poor still suffer more from almost every health and social problem?

The picture that comes from research is that the gap in income between rich and poor damages social relationships. With bigger differences between us, people become more worried about how they are judged, less likely to feel valued and less trusting of people they don't know.

The UK is one of the most unequal economically developed countries. The top 10% own over half the UK's wealth. This impacts on the poor the most, but it affects and harms us all. The good news is that we can learn how to be more equal by looking at how our country was thirty years ago, and how many other countries are now.

For more info, visit sheffieldequality.wordpress.com

Gap between rich and poor

Year	Gap between rich and poor
1979	0.25
1981	0.26
1983	0.27
1985	0.28
1987	0.30
1989	0.32
1991	0.33
93-94	0.33
95-96	0.32
97-98	0.33
99-00	0.34
01-02	0.35
03-04	0.34
05-06	0.35
07-08	0.36

Index of health and social problems

Gap between rich and poor

Worse

Better

Low

High

Photo by Simon Holliday

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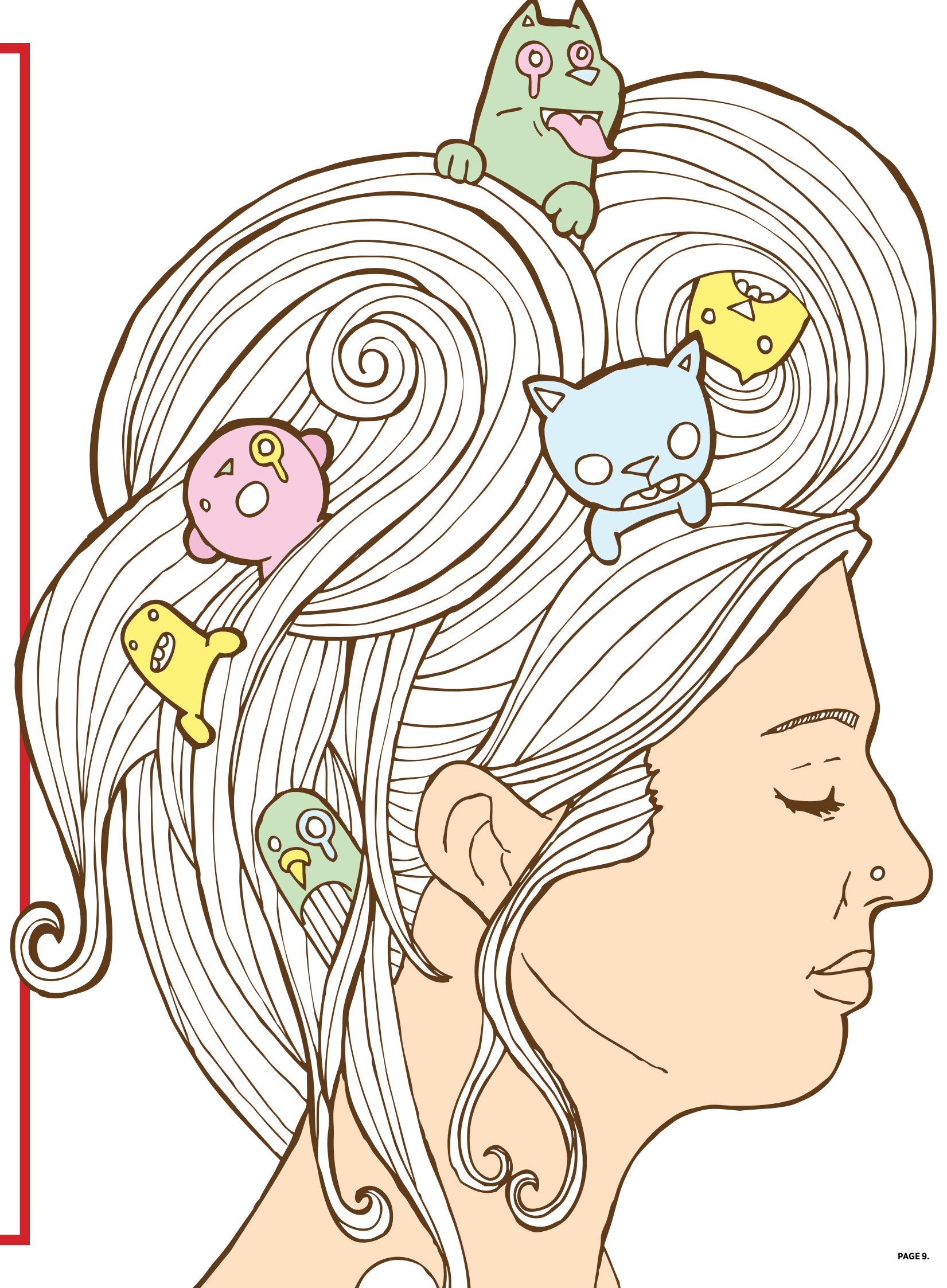
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DRUGS.

SCIENCE, NOT STIGMA.

DOUG PYPER.

On 2nd June the Global Commission on Drug Policy released a report which began with the words “The global war on drugs has failed”.

Whenever I consider the failure of drug policies I think of fetid bodies and dead flesh. If you want to know what drug abuse smells like, ask a homeless heroin user to show you his legs. If you’re lucky, you’ll see a tennis ball sized crater near his groin, where he used to inject, and it will reek of decaying tissue. Yet necrotic legs are only the pungent tip of a macabre iceberg. Were I a resident of, say, Mexico or Columbia, then my association of the war on drugs with death would be starker.

Quite apart from being deadly, the war on drugs is absurd; no rational being could square it with the evidence. So it is encouraging to see that the Commission argues for an end to “the criminalization, marginalization and stigmatization of people who use drugs but who do no harm to others”. While such an argument is not exceptional, the list of commissioners is: former UN Secretary General Kofi Annan; former US Secretary of State George Schultz; former Chairman of the US Federal Reserve Paul Volcker; Virgin boss Richard Branson; former Presidents of Switzerland, Colombia, Mexico and Brazil, and the current Prime Minister of Greece. The list goes on.

What follows is a brief discussion of the report. After that, Prof. David Nutt, former chair of the Government’s Advisory Council on the Misuse of Drugs, gives us his impression of the report. Next month we’ll have a related interview with Mike Trace, chair of the International Drug Policy Consortium and an advisor to the Commission.

The Report.

At only 14 pages, the Commission’s report is judiciously brief and worth reading. It begins with some arresting figures. The United Nations estimates that between 1998 and 2008 global opiate consumption increased by 34.5%, cocaine consumption by 27% and cannabis consumption by 8.5%. This sets the scene for the characterisation of the war on drugs as a disastrous enterprise, with the remainder of the report outlining principles that could guide drug policies, backed up by examples of best practice.

The Swiss example is particularly instructive. In Switzerland they have for years treated heroin addiction as a matter of public health, providing addicts with prescription heroin and a safe injecting environment. Between 1990 and 2005 the initiative saw “a 90% reduction in property crimes committed by participants” and “substantially reduced the consumption among the heaviest users”. Perhaps most importantly, it diminished the viability of the market, reducing the number of new addicts by over 80%.

For anyone who has worked with heroin addicts, this will be unsurprising. As with any business, dealers are incentivised to develop their customer base, and they do so by targeting the most vulnerable. Once hooked, users have a habit to fund and a dealer to finance. The user’s life deteriorates and, increasingly, he commits crime to acquire money. By this time his social circle is comprised of addicts, so quitting becomes an isolating and painful challenge, actively discouraged by his dealer. It does not take an economist to compute that the addition of free prescription heroin into this destructive mix - for existing addicts only - would undermine the market, which would reduce the number of dealers and in turn make it more difficult to acquire heroin.

Though heroin addiction is a dominant concern of the report, its recommendations have wider applicability and can be summarised by the following extract:

“Begin the transformation of the global drug prohibition regime. Replace drug policies and strategies driven by ideology and political convenience with fiscally responsible policies and strategies grounded in science, health, security and human rights...Ensure that the international conventions are interpreted and/or revised to accommodate robust experimentation with harm reduction, decriminalization and legal regulatory policies.”

As the chief economics commentator at the Financial Times, Martin Wolf, wrote: “None of this is new. But from such a group it is surely revolutionary”.

So, how likely is it that we in the UK will experience a drug policy revolution?

A drug policy revolution.

For the UK a drug policy revolution is sorely needed, yet the chances of it are remote. This is how the Home Office responded to the report’s publication: “We have no intention of liberalising our drugs laws. Drugs are illegal because they are harmful – they destroy lives and cause untold misery to families and communities”.

The problem with this response is that it does not make sense. “Drugs are illegal because they are harmful” is a logical non sequitur; not everything that is harmful is, or should be, illegal. For example, cannabis is less harmful than alcohol, which is legal. To argue that cannabis destroys lives and causes “untold misery to families and communities” is to conflate the consequences of use with the consequences of the organised crime that thrives on the fact that cannabis is illegal. The main harm is, quite clearly, contingent on the illegality itself.

The statement “Drugs are illegal because they are harmful”, in order to be defensible, must presuppose that continuing illegality is the best practicable way to limit or reduce harm. As the evidence reveals, and as politicians are well aware, this is absolutely not the case; a public health response is significantly more effective than a criminal law approach and costs a good deal less.

That said, despite the current evidence, a criminal law approach is understandable. At the inception of the war on drugs, roughly 40 years ago, policy makers believed it would work. Since that time, a prohibition mentality has entrenched itself in global thinking. What the policy makers had not reckoned was that, in parallel with this entrenchment, a body of evidence would grow to reveal the war as a mistake. Politicians are now widely aware of the evidence, but are confounded by the challenge of dislodging the misconceptions, particularly as attempting to do so risks exposure to the charge of being soft on drugs.

Yet many of the most enduring British achievements were challenges to accepted beliefs. While some of these were motivated by greed or religion and, by happy coincidence, were allied with reason - such as Magna Carta or the Glorious Revolution - others were grounded more keenly in reason alone, such as Locke’s and Paine’s rejection of tyranny, which stimulated revolutions on both sides of the Atlantic. The legacies of these achievements persist because they are way points bound to a path of reason that runs through history. Our Government stands able to lay another of these way points, and though whoever leads the charge might not be remembered in the same breath as Paine, there is at least a chance of recollection alongside Beveridge or Bevan. As the Commission’s report so clearly puts it, it is time for political leaders to “...have the courage to articulate publicly what many of them acknowledge privately: that the evidence overwhelmingly demonstrates that repressive strategies will not solve the drug problem, and that the war on drugs has not, and cannot, be won”.

An expert opinion from Professor David Nutt.

In 2009 I wrote about the sacking by the Home Secretary, Alan Johnson, of the chairman of the Advisory Council on the Misuse of Drugs, Professor David Nutt (Now Then #21). The ACMD was established by the Misuse of Drugs Act 1971, with a duty to provide “advice on measures (whether or not involving alteration of the law) which in the opinion of the Council ought to be taken” for preventing the misuse of drugs. Prof. Nutt audaciously fulfilled his statutory duty by providing evidence-based advice, and was dismissed for, as Johnson cravenly put it, acting “in a way that undermined the Government rather than supporting its work”.

I caught up with Prof. Nutt to get a brief opinion on the report, and I am both grateful to him and perfectly content to end this article with his final comment.

The main argument of the report is for an end to “the criminalization, marginalization and stigmatization of people who use drugs but who do no harm to others”. It encourages a public health response to the drug problem rather than a criminal law response. Do you agree with these messages?

I fully support the message – to criminalise someone with a drug addiction is immoral as it is an illness; to criminalise someone for using a drug almost always results in greater harm to that person than the drug would. Remember the ideas of John Stuart Mill - in a freedom-loving society no conduct by rational adults should be criminalised unless it is harmful to others.

The commissioners involved in the report include a number of former world leaders. Do you think the backing of the report by these people marks a turn in the debate on drugs?

To some extent. It has been clear for some time that most thinking politicians are aware that the war on drugs can’t work, but few have had the courage to share these thoughts. Now that so many senior people have come out it will make others less scared (I hope).

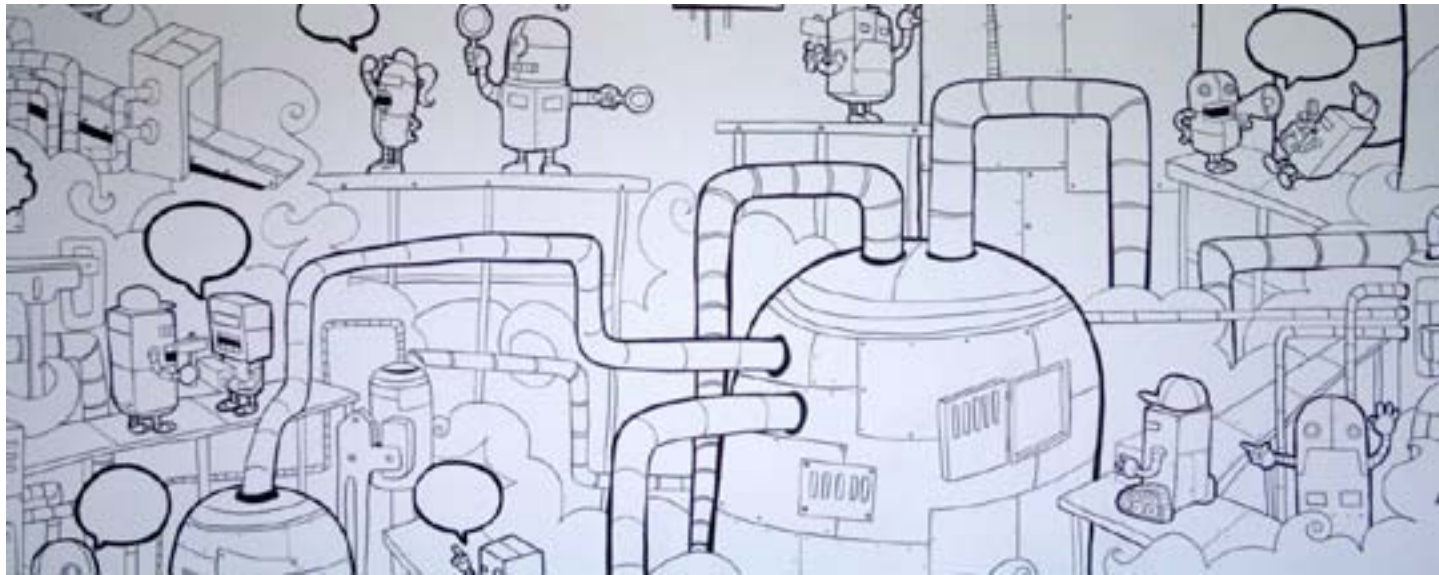
British governments have traditionally shied away from challenging stigma about drugs. Do you think the publication of this report offers a worthwhile opportunity for a change of approach?

Yes. David Cameron was very rational about drugs when a back bench; of course he has personal experience of them. If he had courage to go with his knowledge then things could change, especially as the Liberal Democrats have always had a mature view of drugs and have been very supportive of my stance.

Any other comments?

Lobby your MPs.





DON'T SCARE THE HARE.

WITHOUT QUESTION, THE WORST GAME SHOW IN THE WORLD, EVER.

ADAM KAY.

Don't Scare The Hare, the BBC's newest Saturday night gameshow, is the first programme to be created at the new MediaCityUK complex in Salford, Manchester. The Beeb are investing £1 billion in their new flagship Northern headquarters, so you may think the first show they've chosen to make there is an innovation in the field of light entertainment, a watershed moment in broadcasting history. You may think that, but you'd be wrong - Don't Scare The Hare is, without question, the worst game show in the world, ever.

For the uninitiated, here's the premise. Contestants enter a cartoonish forest - all yellow trees and purple skies - which looks like somewhere the Teletubbies might go camping. There the contestants compete in challenges to collect carrots, and those with the most win. But stopping them from completing these challenges - which, incidentally, are called things like (haha!) Pond Memories or (hehe!) What's Up Shock - is a four foot tall robotic hare, who will steal the carrots back if disturbed. If this sounds like an outrageously naff idea for a TV programme, that's because it is.

There are oodles of things wrong with Don't Scare The Hare, but chief among them is the titular character himself. The hare's name is Hare. God only knows how long it took to come up with that. And he is a 'he' rather than an 'it', by the way. We know this because he has a crush on Fiona Bruce from the Antiques Roadshow. Yes, really.

Traditionally, rabbits and hares are portrayed as cute and lovable - think of Watership Down, or Thumper from Bambi. Hare single-handedly bucks this trend by being not just annoying but terrifying as well. With his white plastic body and glowing eyes, he resembles Sonny from I, Robot: a sort of sleek, frightening Terminator figure sent back through time to destroy the Beeb's reputation.

As gameshow mascots go, Hare is decidedly sub-par. A bipolar bunny is not what most people want from their teatime entertainment. 3-2-1 had Dusty Bin, with his big red nose and toothy smile. Bullseye had Bully, a jolly bovine darts king. Catchphrase had Mr Chips; a robot, yes, but a cheerful golden one with a fondness for neckerchiefs. All these sprites are better than Hare, who simply stands about, wiggling his evil nose, squeaking his menacing squeak.

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(A quick aside; do you think they tried any other animals before settling on a bunny? What would the show have been called if it was based around another creature instead? Don't Shock The Croc, perhaps? Don't Upset The Egret?)

Presiding over the madness is Jason Bradbury, dressed like the demented spawn of Harry Hill and Gok Wan. One can't help but feel sorry for lovely Jason. In the first episode he introduces himself: "I live in a magical forest with my mate Hare", he says, barely audible over the sound of his gritted teeth. Jason is presenter of The Gadget Show and a noted technophile, so it's highly likely that he was attracted to the job because he thought Hare would be some kind of cool, futuristic cyborg. How disappointing for him, then, when he turned up at work on his first day to find that his co-star was basically just a giant toy, with animatronics no more advanced than something you might find on sale for two quid at Poundstretcher.

With its garish sets, groan-inducing puns and comedy mascot, Don't Scare The Hare seems more like a kids show than a primetime one. But the contestants aren't bright-eyed youngsters; they are po-faced 40-year-olds, rolling around in pyjamas, popping balloons and shedding any dignity they may once have had. There may be a recession on, but just how desperate for money are people these days? Staying on the subject of money, what princely sum do you suppose contestants are rewarded with for their efforts? £15,000. In the world of UK gameshows, fifteen grand is chump change. On Beat The Star, the prize on offer is £50k; on Ant & Dec's Push The Button, it's £100k; on Deal Or No Deal it's a quarter of a million and a hug from Noel Edmonds, although the latter should really be a booby prize.

If you haven't seen Don't Scare The Hare, sadly you're already too late. After a mere six episodes, it has been cancelled by the BBC. They've even removed it from iPlayer, pretending it doesn't exist as if it was the drunken uncle at a family party who has a few too many brandies and turns a bit racist. Their embarrassment is understandable. After all, the programme is more like a drug-induced nightmare than a gameshow. What isn't understandable, however, is how the hell they let the thing on air in the first place. Come back Bruce Forsyth - all is forgiven.



Thanks to all those who attended our event at Café Euro on 12th June. We'll be back with some more events soon. Add Word Life Poetry on Facebook to be kept up to date with live literature events going on in and around Sheffield. Please keep sending your poems and stories to joe@nowthenmagazine.com. Four poems this month. Remember - you can comment on any article or poem online at nowthenmagazine.com.

Joe.

TWO VERSIONS.

he read the book
she saw the movie.
they discussed their differences:

he argued the book was better
as it didn't over-simplify,
and resisted reducing its characters'
problems to clichés.

she argued the film was better
as its character's problems were clear
and not masked by ambiguities.

and so they continued to argue
about a film he'd never seen
and a book she'd never read.

Tristan Moss.

YOU HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.

with other men
the warmth of their lips
the heave of their chests
confessional letters and
rainy day love-ins

the way it feels when close
like you'll never part
a hermetic heart
like these moments will
be suspended
preserved against the glorious ravages
of time and life
in the amber of your mind

looking into a man's soul
thinking you know
what lies there
what stirs there
in the depths of his being
only to be shocked by his bestiality

now you lie here with
another man
feeling your way around
wondering if he's related to
the other's you've known

what machinations
what industrial belts and furnaces
turn his wheels driving
the internal lathe on which he fashions
tiny yet perfect manikins
to be used in a diorama of his own making

you have been here before
with other men
but this is different
I think we both know that

Tom Lynam.

GEOGRAPHY.

I leave the house late on Friday, dusk plain

With you
on route to campus like a heron
down Sharrowvale, neck out long, ready for ideas.
I take a left up south, and the casino never seems to shut,
throwing a raw kind of chipped silver shadow off

Hunters bar
is a ridge of coal from the road,

As the lift like car ascends
the crest of the city sculpted bowl
and scrolls down through the mirror,
with houses, homes, shops, associations
reaching their peak and disappearing into memories

Edge, whichever that is; Stanage, Burbage, Frogatt,
I am going
all the way

To sift through tufts of grass and find a seat
among plates of rock gnarled fog.

I imagine fetching wood for a fire,
the long night whiled away in a dip somewhere
with Sheffield, distant, beating a pulse into the sky
and lapping at the edges of this moorland island,
like a sea of neon, nylon, brick.

Matt Spence.

GRANDFATHER'S BREAKFAST.

Our hearts will take us back and forth.
Like bullets rattling off a cage
which seems to define us

but doesn't really.

At times we'll think we hardly exist
that we are caught so thick and irretrievable
in this great IS

But all that is imaginary.

We will discover ourselves
in the scale of things
and feel quiet

for that which is momentary.

And we will die grateful
that with this bliss comes

our eternity.

James Lock.

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I do not get on all that well with my offspring’s teacher. Ever since the day she gave him a brochure explaining the real meaning of Easter, I have had my eye on her. Recently, my offspring took a game called Tower Defense to school on his USB drive. As far as games are concerned, it is quite strategic and positive. At least it is not about stealing cars and shooting hookers. While I understand schools require rules, I do not feel being banned from using school computers is in any way an appropriate punishment.

I do however feel an appropriate punishment for handing out medieval metaphysic propaganda to children would be a good old fashioned stoning.

From: Margaret Bennett
To: David Thorne

Hello David

I tried to call you but your phone is off. Just letting you know that Seb bought a flash drive to school yesterday and copied a game onto the school computers which is against the school rules and he has been banned from using the computer room for the rest of the term.

Sincerely, Margaret

From: David Thorne
To: Margaret Bennett

Dear Maggie,

Thankyou for your email. I am not answering my mobile phone at the moment as I am experiencing iPhone envy and every second spent using my Nokia is like being trapped in a loveless marriage. Where you stay together for the kids. And the kids all have iPhones.

I was not aware that my offspring taking software to school was in breach of school rules. Although the game is strategic and public domain, not to mention that it was I who copied and gave it to him, I agree that banning him from access to the computers at school is an appropriate punishment. Especially considering his enthusiasm for the subject.

Also, though physical discipline is no longer administered in the public school system, it would probably be appropriate in this instance if nobody is watching. I know from experience that he can take a punch.

Regards, David.

From: Margaret Bennett
To: David Thorne

David

We would never strike a student and whether the software is pirated or not is not the issue. He denied having the drive which means he knew he shouldn’t have it here then it was found in his bag so I feel the punishment is suitable.

Margaret

From: David Thorne
To: Margaret Bennett

Dear Maggie,

Yes, I agree. Education and access to the tools necessary for such should always come secondary to discipline. When I was young, discipline was an accepted part of each school day. Once, when I coloured outside the lines, I was forced to stand in the playground with a sign around my neck that read ‘non-conformist’ while the other children pelted me with rubble from the recently torched school library. Apparently a copy of Biggles had been found behind a filing cabinet.

Another time, because I desperately wanted a Battlestar Galactica jacket like Apollo in the television series, using brown house paint from the shed at home, I painted my denim jacket and used Araldite to attach brass door hinges as clasps. Feeling that it was an excellent representation and despite the oil based paint still being soaking wet, I wore it to school the next day. Unfortunately, the paint dried while I was sitting in Mrs Bowman’s English class, securing me to the chair. After the school handyman cut me free, I was sent to the principal for damaging school property. My punishment was to scrape wads of chewing gum off the bottom of every chair in the school after hours. It took several weeks and it was during this lonely time that I created my imaginary friend Mr Wrigley. During class, when the teacher was not looking, we would pass each other notes regarding the merits of disciplinary action and how one day we would own real Battlestar Galactica jackets.

Also, if you happen to see Seb eating anything over the next few weeks, please remove the food from him immediately. He forgot to feed his turtle last week and I feel a month without food will help him understand both the importance of being a responsible pet owner and the effects of malnutrition.

Regards, David.

From: Margaret Bennett
To: David Thorne

David

I hope you are not being serious about the food but I am forwarding your email to the principal as per school policy.

Margaret

From: David Thorne
To: Margaret Bennett

Dear Maggie,

Rest assured I would not really withhold nutritional requirements from any child. Except maybe that one that starred in the Home Alone movies. I read somewhere that a healthy breakfast helps concentration and have found, since replacing my usual diet of nicotine with Froot Loops, I am able to move small objects with my mind.

Just this morning Seb and I were discussing the importance of good nutrition which is why, if you check in his school bag, you will find a bag of rice, vegetables, a wok and a camping stove. The gas bottle can be a little tricky but has instructions printed on the side so he should be alright. Please remind him to stand well back and cover his face while igniting as the hose is worn and has developed a small leak.

Also, I am not sure what you are teaching in your classroom but Seb came home the other week talking about a healthy eating pyramid. I had to explain to him that pyramids are made of stone and therefore not edible so I would appreciate you not filling his head with these fanciful notions.

Regards, David.

From: Margaret Bennett
To: David Thorne

David

I have no idea what your point is. I will speak to the principal about the ban but you have to understand that only government approved software is allowed on the computers and Seb knew this rule.

Margaret

From: David Thorne
To: Margaret Bennett

Dear Maggie,

I understand the need for conformity. Without a concise set of rules to follow we would probably all have to resort to common sense. Discipline is the key to conformity and it is important that we learn not to question authority at an early age.

Just this week I found a Sue Townsend novel in Seb’s bag that I do not believe is on the school approved reading list. Do not concern yourself about it making its way to the school yard though as we attended a community book burning last night. Although one lady tried to ruin the atmosphere with comments regarding Mayan codices and the Alexandrian Libraries, I mentioned to the High Magus that I had overheard her discussing spells to turn the village cow’s milk sour and the mob took care of the rest.

Regards, David.

From: Margaret Bennett
To: David Thorne

David,

I have spoken to the principal and in this instance we will lift the ban.

Margaret



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THE ALE CITY.

STEP AWAY FROM THE STELLA.

BEN JACKSON.

Sheffield is a city famed the world over for its production of things, and though our major export has always been the stainless hard stuff, I'm here to explore the unassuming world of a far less famous trade that has continued to thrive while its metal counterparts have fallen foul to the nature of global economics. I speak, of course, of Sheffield's real ale trade.

To define 'real ale' is remarkably simple. A natural beer that does not require any added carbon dioxide. And that's it. This makes for a staggering range of non-fizzy beers with subtle, individual characteristics, made kin by the simplest of factors - simplicity itself.

It is no longer a secret that real ale is gathering popularity across the world and, during a time in which an average of 29 pubs close down per week in Britain alone, there is a good reason that the production of real ales is currently the only growth market in the whole sector.

The real ale trade quite simply ticks all of the boxes during the worst economic downturn of a generation. It is produced locally using ingredients from the region in which it is made. Its growth is sustainable, because the scale of each individual operation does not allow for the perils of vast over projection, which have been the undoing for larger brewers such as Stones here in Sheffield and Carlsberg Tetley over in Leeds. Across the board, ale is a healthier option than the average carbonated lager, with nutritional benefits like vitamins, minerals and anti-oxidants, as well as an averagely lower ABV percentage and no artificial additives or preservatives.

Another appealing part of real ale is the nature of the process on the microbrewery scale. The art-meets-science (with a whole lot of craft in between) approach to making the perfect pint is altogether more interesting and impressive than the 40 foot, automated vats you would find in a Carling brewery or the likes. The culture of real ale drinking is also a wonderfully civilised one, with the quality and not the quantity of the drink being king, making the term 'binge drinking' an alien one to the real ale drinker. Add these things to the fact that without the overheads and profit-hungry shareholders behind the scenes of corporate breweries, it's more often than not significantly cheaper per pint. Win, win, win.

In researching this article I have also come to believe that the way the real ale trade does business, particularly here in Sheffield, could just be the perfect model for an independent alternative to the corporate structure that dominates today. Each brewer circulates their wares around each other's pubs and shops, swapping beers so that very rarely is an empty cask driven miles to be refilled. Each brewery works on a manageable scale of costs and outlay, making for a stable structure to the industry, with the 'in it together' ideology abundant throughout. The variety of products available due to this method of operating is incredible, and is not dissimilar to the famed little mesters of the city's past. Since the opening of the Blue Bee Brewery in March, Sheffield has ten independent breweries, all brewing both new and classic ales every week, as well as dozens of microbreweries in neighbouring towns and cities like Barnsley, Doncaster, Chesterfield and Rotherham.

Naturally, the standard pride of ownership and personal touch that can only ever be found from independents is as noticeable in the world of real ale as in any other sector, if not much more, with each brewer in friendly competition with their contemporaries. They drink in each other's pubs, they consult each other on brewing techniques and new products and they all coexist very happily. I would go as far as to say that this is an industry built on a foundation of mutual respect and support which helps it withstand the pressures of modern economics.

But this is not just a romantic story of good people working together nicely. The real ale trade is fast becoming a cornerstone of Britain's economy. It accounts for over 15,000 jobs in the UK, from brewers to publicans to delivery drivers, as well as some great minds at the heart of this artisan production process. The industry as a whole is worth an estimated £28 billion per year to the economy, contributing as much as many major sectors and having grown more than 6% of its market share since 2007 when compared to the free falling trade of lagers and keg bitters. The superior quality of the drinks produced in this manner has also found favour with female drinkers, with the number of women enjoying ales having doubled since 2009.

I started to write this piece as an exercise in highlighting something good in our city and beyond and I would love to say that the future looks bright and rosy, with nothing but blue skies on the horizon. However, we have a joke of a government with other designs on an industry that has demonstrated how it should be done. Quelle surprise.

The proposed duty increases, as well as insidious and underhanded changes to the way that each brewery's tax is calculated, are threatening to strangle the whole industry to within an inch of its life - again. According to the British Beer and Pub Association, tax on beer has risen 26% since March 2008. This year has already seen the largest ever increase in taxation since duty on ale was first introduced, and further increases could hit microbreweries hard. This does not make any financial sense to the government. The Treasury stands to make significant losses due to the near certain closure of hundreds of independent breweries as a direct result of the price hike. Bloody madness.

That said, the people responsible for what I believe to be a shining example of how to make a trade work independently are a resilient bunch. There are many groups of people resisting the proposal, and they've been busy.

If you would like to add your support or simply find out more about this fascinating world, please visit the links below. First things first though - step away from the Stella...

Proud of Beer Video: 'Search Proud of British Beer' on Youtube.
Society of Independent Brewers: siba.co.uk
Campaign for Real Ale: camra.org.uk

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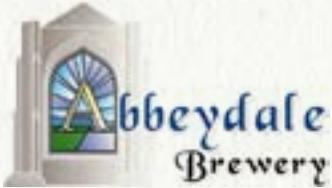
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Black Hares 9pm, **Thurs 21st** Scandi Session 8:30pm, **Fri 22nd** Jim
O'Mahoney 9pm, **Sat 23rd** Robin Hoare 3pm, **Sat 23rd** Mo Andrews
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GEORGE LAW.

HANTU HEAD HONCHO.

INTERVIEW BY JONES.

After the last few editions of non-local and well established artist types it's time to head back to Sheffield.

Veteran of a multitude of live paint shows and an increasing portfolio of commercial illustration and clothing designs through the Hantu Collective, this young artist is snapping at the heels of the established talent in Sheffield.

I heavily recommend you go watch him doodle large-scale - at hyperspeed - if you get the chance. Drawings take me years. Yeah, that will be jealousy...

JONES.



BASICS, PLEASE. WHAT STARTED YOU DRAWING?

Maybe I was bored as a kid, because my parents were running a takeaway business and couldn't buy me toys. I remember my aunty looking after me when I was a nipper and she'd help me draw around my hand using a crayon on a sheet of paper. She's still got them stuck up in her house somewhere. From then on I was always drawing on the back of bank letters and menus.

CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE PROCESS OF STARTING A NEW PIECE?

Normally it stems from a spark, maybe some music, a film or a cartoon or comic book or even another artist's piece I've seen. Most of the time images pop into my head and I want to get them down on paper or on screen. I'll always sketch it out, put some music on and wile away some hours until I'm happy with what I have in front of me.

WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR INSPIRATION FROM?

I'm inspired by a lot of things - films, cultural references, music and comic books. Other illustrators and artists always inspire me, whether with their techniques, their ideas or even their attitudes towards their art and way of life. More recently, hip hop and chilled out electronic music has played a part in helping me form colours and shapes in my head. I wish I could explain this more. I guess every artist has their own mechanism for working, although I don't like to call what I do 'work'. It's more an occupation and a lifestyle, so I'm inspired by anything around me at any given time.

TOOLS. WHAT DO YOU USE REGULARLY AND WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE?

Nothing beats a good old mechanical pencil and fine liner. For cleaner and more commercial work, I tend to put my images through Photoshop and Illustrator for a sharper, smoother finish. In my uni days I liked using water colours and acrylic paint splats in my work. I've streamlined my style now but I'd like to get back into using paints again.

For wall murals I tend to use emulsion and paint markers. I don't see myself using a paint brush to draw as I can't really control a brush that well. I've only recently used a spray can and I kind of got the hang of it so who knows. I might branch into that if I can find the right outfit to go out at night in. That's a joke...

WHAT OTHER ARTISTIC MEDIA HAVE HAD AN EFFECT ON YOUR ART?

The computer has had a massive effect on my art, but I'd debate whether I'd call it artistic media - rather just a tool.

HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR DAYS?

I spend my days like Larry David in Curb Your Enthusiasm. I manage to get myself into all sorts of trouble, normally work related. A typical day includes perusing emails, reading the news, checking out creative blogs to get my brain going and trying to complete and sign off commercial work. These days I don't have much time to do my own work as I have freelance stuff and Hantu Collective to run.

Hantu has been my clothing side project for a good few years and I'm working to get it off the ground in other cities. I tend to work six day weeks in our new studio space at S1 Artspace. I enjoy being in there as there's a nice vibe having other artists and staff around. I don't see it as an office, but more of a creative hub.

WHICH OF YOUR RECENT PIECES HAVE YOU ENJOYED MAKING THE MOST?

I find it hard to pick favourites, but I'd say my wall mural pieces for Cow Vintage Sheffield and Hair Kandi are my faves. The Hair Kandi reception desk piece was done live in front of loads of people during their opening party, so that was a lot of fun. The Cow brief was a lot of fun as well, because I was given free reign to cover their staircase wall. I admit I might have played too close to my safety zone, but it was enjoyable none the less.

HOW HAS YOUR ART EVOLVED OVER TIME?

My work has evolved with the Mac. It's clear to see that computers and technology evolve everything around us, and my work is no exception. Culturally, illustration is the same. There are styles that come and go, but the best people can adapt to what's around while keeping a visual signature within their own style, much like good bands can evolve but still sound like the same band. Radiohead, for example.

I've noticed my drawing style has changed too. In my youth I drew cartoons and computer game characters, then moved towards more life drawing. But I realised I'm quite a rubbish life drawer, so I'm back on the cute cuddly stuff. I'd like my work to evolve into something a bit darker, but who knows.

HOW HAS ART IN GENERAL CHANGED SINCE YOU STARTED?

Art, illustration and graphic design have taken on a more accessible image. When I was younger I had no idea how I could apply what I do as a job. At the age of ten I told my mum "I want to be an artist" and she'd tell me that you can't make money out of art. The only thing you could be was a cartoonist. I probably sound really old here but bear with me. I didn't have the internet to find out what a graphic designer was or what an illustrator was. Now young people can research and follow artists online and build up an idea of a potential career. There are more and more graphic design students applying for university every year, so it seems that art and the creative sectors in general have more coverage than they ever did. Art is in every faucet of life. You can't avoid it - it's just everywhere now.

WHAT ARE YOU CURRENTLY WORKING ON?

I'm currently working on a project with the Children's Hospital Charity, painting a small waiting room for them, which should be fun. I'm trying to fit in time for my own personal collection of new drawings inspired by Katsushika Hokusai. My friend bought me a great book on him for Christmas and it's turned my life upside down. Everything at the moment for me is samurai, ninjas and nice scenery. Whether I get to work on this new stuff brewing in my head is another thing!

ANY TIPS ON HOW TO SURVIVE MAKING MONEY FROM YOUR ART? DO YOU FIND IT IMPORTANT?

If you want to make money from art you have to be determined to work like a business and promote yourself. Even then, there are negative points to how you put yourself across to your audience. You'll always get work if your art is good and if it backs you up. Working as a freelancer keeps you on your toes and you have to get into that mind set of being your own boss and be disciplined.

Speaking from a freelance illustration point of view, it's definitely important to make money. How would you survive otherwise? I have the perks of being paid for doing something I enjoy. People rarely feel that way about art. Traditionally, graphic designers and illustrators are seen as "commercial artists" and I still work to this label. I create artwork for people who need it or want their problem solved with an image or illustration. If I had to juggle a part-time job to survive whilst doing my illustration work, I doubt I'd be able to put anything together. It'd just be a hobby rather than a job. One of my old tutors told me that freelance illustration isn't a job but more a lifestyle. I understand what this means now. I'm always learning, the more work I take on.

WHAT DO YOU DISLIKE IN ART?

I don't like being stuck in the same place for too long. I hate it when there is no progression in style. I'm not a fan of sycophancy and people who talk about their art more than just doing it. Your work speaks for itself. I suppose being from Sheffield, I'm used to the humble nature of most artists around here, so I get a bit miffed if I see people blowing their own trumpets a little too loud.

WHAT MAKES YOU SMILE IN ART?

Good work, innovative ideas and humour. I especially like art that doesn't take itself too seriously. Sometimes I like reading the messages within certain pieces of work too. Banksy's stencil art has always made me laugh. He's the only artist who can do that to me. No matter what people say about him, he's got that weird wit that has an illustrative and political context behind it. He's what I'd love to be but can't become.

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FRI 21ST OCT

WRETCH 32

FRI 28TH OCT

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SAT 29TH OCT / SOUNDCLASH PRESENTS...

THE MONICANS

FRI 18TH NOV

RED SNAPPER

SAT 3RD DEC

WIRE

WED 7TH DEC

HAWKWIND

SAT 10TH DEC / SOUNDCLASH PRESENTS...

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THE SAW DOCTORS

'It were like livin' in 'eaven'
A view on Park Hill



Photographic
exhibition by
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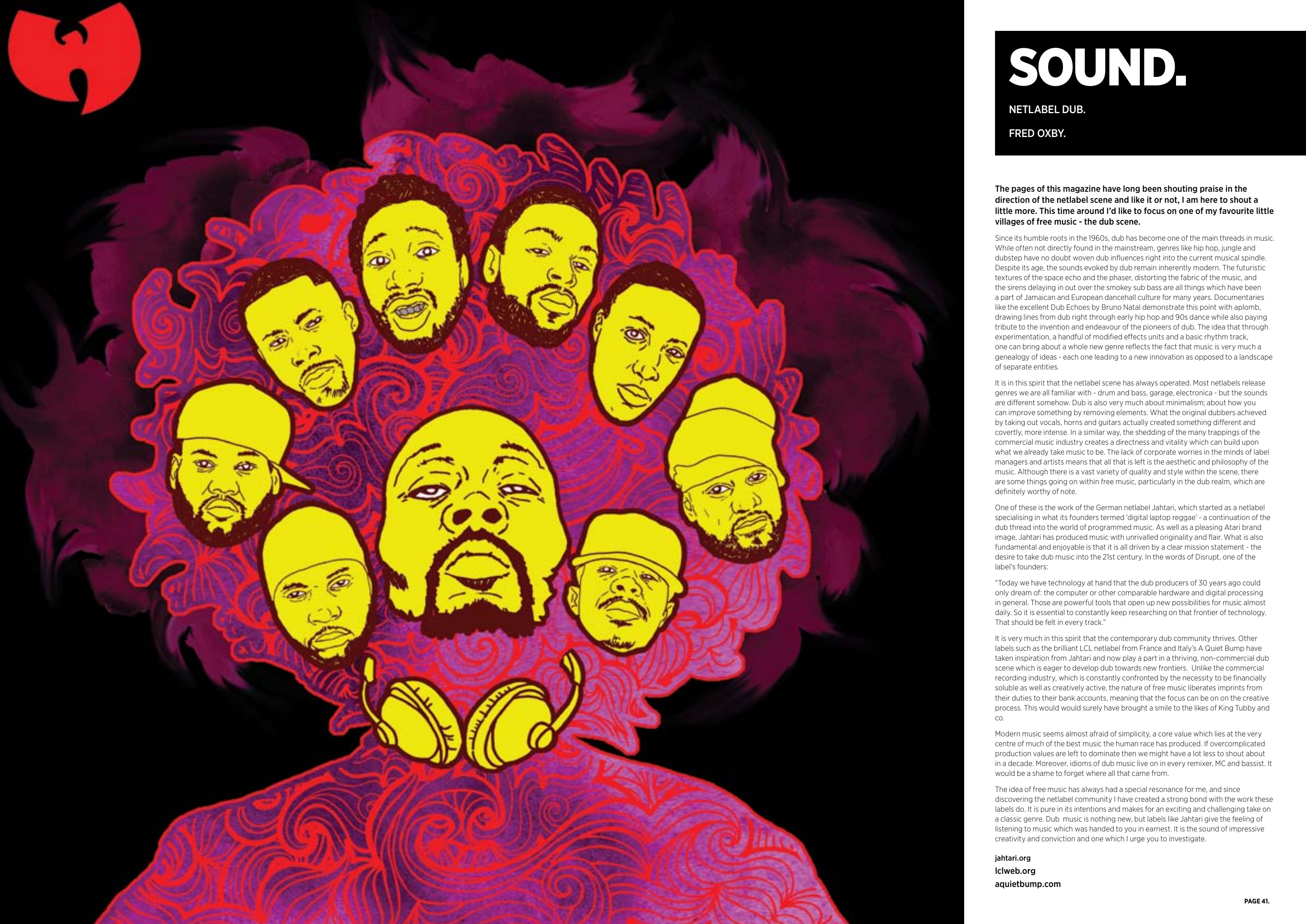


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SOUND.

NETLABEL DUB.

FRED OXBY.

The pages of this magazine have long been shouting praise in the direction of the netlabel scene and like it or not, I am here to shout a little more. This time around I'd like to focus on one of my favourite little villages of free music - the dub scene.

Since its humble roots in the 1960s, dub has become one of the main threads in music. While often not directly found in the mainstream, genres like hip hop, jungle and dubstep have no doubt woven dub influences right into the current musical spindle. Despite its age, the sounds evoked by dub remain inherently modern. The futuristic textures of the space echo and the phaser, distorting the fabric of the music, and the sirens delaying in out over the smokey sub bass are all things which have been a part of Jamaican and European dancehall culture for many years. Documentaries like the excellent Dub Echoes by Bruno Natal demonstrate this point with aplomb, drawing lines from dub right through early hip hop and 90s dance while also paying tribute to the invention and endeavour of the pioneers of dub. The idea that through experimentation, a handful of modified effects units and a basic rhythm track, one can bring about a whole new genre reflects the fact that music is very much a genealogy of ideas - each one leading to a new innovation as opposed to a landscape of separate entities.

It is in this spirit that the netlabel scene has always operated. Most netlabels release genres we are all familiar with - drum and bass, garage, electronica - but the sounds are different somehow. Dub is also very much about minimalism; about how you can improve something by removing elements. What the original dubbers achieved by taking out vocals, horns and guitars actually created something different and covertly, more intense. In a similar way, the shedding of the many trappings of the commercial music industry creates a directness and vitality which can build upon what we already take music to be. The lack of corporate worries in the minds of label managers and artists means that all that is left is the aesthetic and philosophy of the music. Although there is a vast variety of quality and style within the scene, there are some things going on within free music, particularly in the dub realm, which are definitely worthy of note.

One of these is the work of the German netlabel Jahtari, which started as a netlabel specialising in what its founders termed 'digital laptop reggae' - a continuation of the dub thread into the world of programmed music. As well as a pleasing Atari brand image, Jahtari has produced music with unrivalled originality and flair. What is also fundamental and enjoyable is that it is all driven by a clear mission statement - the desire to take dub music into the 21st century. In the words of Disrupt, one of the label's founders:

"Today we have technology at hand that the dub producers of 30 years ago could only dream of: the computer or other comparable hardware and digital processing in general. Those are powerful tools that open up new possibilities for music almost daily. So it is essential to constantly keep researching on that frontier of technology. That should be felt in every track."

It is very much in this spirit that the contemporary dub community thrives. Other labels such as the brilliant LCL netlabel from France and Italy's A Quiet Bump have taken inspiration from Jahtari and now play a part in a thriving, non-commercial dub scene which is eager to develop dub towards new frontiers. Unlike the commercial recording industry, which is constantly confronted by the necessity to be financially soluble as well as creatively active, the nature of free music liberates imprints from their duties to their bank accounts, meaning that the focus can be on the creative process. This would surely have brought a smile to the likes of King Tubby and co.

Modern music seems almost afraid of simplicity, a core value which lies at the very centre of much of the best music the human race has produced. If overcomplicated production values are left to dominate then we might have a lot less to shout about in a decade. Moreover, idioms of dub music live on in every remixer, MC and bassist. It would be a shame to forget where all that came from.

The idea of free music has always had a special resonance for me, and since discovering the netlabel community I have created a strong bond with the work these labels do. It is pure in its intentions and makes for an exciting and challenging take on a classic genre. Dub music is nothing new, but labels like Jahtari give the feeling of listening to music which was handed to you in earnest. It is the sound of impressive creativity and conviction and one which I urge you to investigate.

jahtari.org
lclweb.org
aquietbump.com

LIVE.

PEACE IN THE PARK.

GLADE FESTIVAL. MUTINY.

PEACE IN THE PARK 2011.

4TH JUNE.
PONDEROSA PARK.

REVIEWER - FRASER BAYES.

If Sheffield’s cultural landscape was a monarchy, then Peace in the Park would be one of its crown jewels, a true idyll of peace and a bastion of freedom of expression. Some might say this article is a polemic, that it is biased; and they’d be right. I think this festival is better than sandals and all organised religion put together.

There is enough commercialism already in the world, and there are quite enough individuals prepared to sell their values for the price of a cheap thrill, but the organisers of this event are not among that growing throng who seek to perpetuate the fallacy of a ‘broken society’. As a wise man once said: “What’s so funny about peace, love and understanding?”

I arrived late because my friend thought it was a good idea to put washing up liquid in her dish washer, so if you ever doubt the efficiency of Fairy Liquid, don’t. The first band I saw were Double No No, who electrified my being. If you ever get the chance to see them, you won’t be disappointed.

Next up were Mother Folkers, who I must say were a bit of a disappointment. The first song was discordant and when they pronounced that the guitarist had never practised with them before, that explained a lot. Strong singing from the front women compelled a throbbing and amenable crowd, but the instruments were a bit rough and ready.

The thing that struck me about the next band Twins was a man with Down’s Syndrome who danced at the front on his own, gliding elegantly, moving his arms and legs in the air serenely, capturing the essence of this festival magnificently - peace, freedom and love. The band themselves were a compact unit with a powerful singer, a tight rhythm section, keys and a sax, playing songs that get you in the groove.

The Banana Flavoured Dub Cats were a funky fusion that delighted the musical palate, juxtaposed by an assortment of children in front of the stage spinning hoopla whoops, with a mischievous human cow walking around causing havoc.

The BCR 103.1FM stage showcased MCs and DJs from the Burngreave area. This is a community radio station that should be commended for engaging with young people at a time when far too many in society seem hell bent on talking them down. It was a stage for teenagers and they appreciated it gladly. Too young for the main stage, too old for the children’s area - this was their time and they loved it.

Treebeard played a solo set, with his own brand of English folk in an earnest

manner. The acoustic tent was far too out of the way though, and the acts I saw here deserved much bigger audiences.

On the Opus Stage, Mantra Rhythms proffered an enchanting fusion of reggae and dub which really got the people bopping. The musicianship was strong as the set built to a crescendo. Renegade Brass Band blew my mind as ever with an explosion of ska and horns.

As clouds appeared the mood did not abate and the view from the hill was sublime. Sitting by the ‘Peace’ sign up on high, the atmosphere was joyous and content.

7 Black Tentacles opened to a warm reception. As my friend Ben stood next to me and unleashed a wild torrent of bubbles from his little pot, they flew over the crowd and continued in swirled motifs of appreciation as the vibes got better and better. King Capisce are a bombastic band who managed to avoid all the cliches of the saxophone, provoking the audience into a harmonious semblance of recognition.

Slamboree headlined the main stage. A self proclaimed neo-Balkan rave circus, King Mojo introduced them with a true Tom Waits drawl. As they played their first song, the electric beat blossomed into life with all the verve and intensity that Peace in the Park could muster. The human cow from earlier appeared again, which freaked me out but I composed myself and danced on. Others flooded the stage too as the tent worked its way into a frenzy. A drum and bass version of a Yann Tiersen classic boomed out while a gothic woman stood on stage and played with fire, licked it – hell, did all sorts of things with it.

As the whole of Sheffield came together for this final act, a resplendent spirit was manifest across the assembled masses which rose as the noise perforated every molecule of air in the tent. At this moment I was struck by an overwhelming sense of unity, as a communal understanding seemed to sweep through the tent. Everyone had come together to celebrate the same thing - peace.

GLADE FESTIVAL 2011.

10TH – 12TH JUNE.
HOUGHTON HOUSE, KING’S LYNN.

REVIEWER – SAM WALBY.

What can I possibly say about Glade Festival in 500 words? Not nearly enough, I would wager. Cancelled in 2010 due to uncooperative police and rising costs, Glade was saved this year by an investment from the Secret Garden Party, but don’t go thinking it has gone soft. In my opinion the organisers did a stellar job of scaling down the festival to its grassroots, with only minor compromises along the way.

The biggest loss compared with 2009’s event at Matterley Bowl in Hampshire was the Vapor stage hosted by Bloc, which brought in some of the biggest techno acts. The Glade stage took on the burden of filling this void and did so commendably, with sets from Adam Beyer, Paul Rich, Joseph Capriati, Andrew Weatherall and Global Communication, as well as a live headline slot by Trentemøller. Although it sometimes felt empty during the day due to the size of the site, evenings were a joy to behold, with an electric atmosphere and absolutely colossal sound quality. It’s rare that audio visuals impress me, but the strange light box framing Beyer during his two-hour performance was genuinely entrancing and really added to a well mixed, top-notch appearance.

I didn’t lose sleep over the loss of the Breaksday stage, because me and breakbeat don’t really get along too well.

All things considered, the newer, small-scale tents like Beta, the Bassment and ETA draw surprisingly big crowds. Blawan and Mosca both smashed Beta on Sunday afternoon with sub-heavy house offerings. The few times I stopped into ETA it was playing some slightly questionable techno, but the crowds were going for it.

For the most part, I camped out at Overkill, because in my opinion it is the most interesting and diverse stage the festival has to offer. Sheffield’s own Mikey J opened proceedings with a fairly strong set on Friday afternoon (and incidentally did a great job of managing the stage across the whole weekend), before Loops Haunt served some heavier percussive beats, many of them taken from his **Rubber Sun Grenade** and **Impact Omnihammer** releases. Lone brought the tempo down only slightly with his brand of 80s-infused bass and glistening synths. Later that night, Sheffield tag team the Squire of Gothos offended a great number of people with their dirty fusion of bassline, garage, dubstep and comedy MCing. Just utterly filthy.

Also of note was a fantastic performance from Young Montana?, whose new album **Limerence** was reviewed in the last issue of Now Then. Somehow managing to cram in most of those tracks, along with a jaw-dropping, cross-genre collection of hip hop, it was fun playing Guess the Tune while watching this youthful talent. It would be wrong not to mention the set of classic jungle and early d’n’b pumped out by Africa Hitech to close Overkill on Sunday evening. As they took to the stage, I worried that their own tracks might not get people moving, but selections like ‘Super Sharp Shooter’ certainly did.

In conclusion, go to Glade. It is one of the most welcoming festivals I have had the pleasure of attending, and if you like independent electronic music, you would be hard pressed to find a better line-up in the UK.

MUTINY.

17TH JUNE.
RED HOUSE.

REVIEWER – CASSIE KILL.

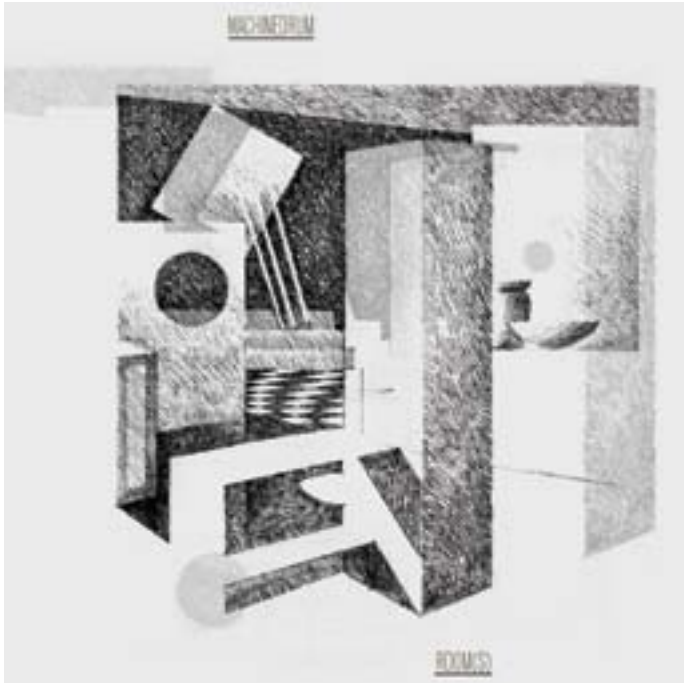
It has been quite some time since the fellows from Kill the Captains hosted their last Mutiny night. The format had proved as good as it sounds - three high octane bands for a few quid, one of which is Kill the Captains. But with The Grapes becoming unavailable, one of the hosts popping a sprog and the Captains undergoing some line-up changes, they’ve had an extended hiatus. Relocated to The Red House, this was the first time I’d seen the band’s new line-up and I was hoping for a happy homecoming to the Mutiny fold. I wasn’t disappointed.

Openers Kimmy Yeah began with a joyously anarchic burst of thrashy punk. And thus they continued. They were clearly enjoying every minute of the gig, and their enthusiasm was infectious. Their playful use of plinky-plonky piano intros and harmonies somewhere between NOFX and a sea shanty troupe were equally as endearing. If they can find a consistent middle ground between this playfulness and utter chaos, they’ll become more charming still.

Kill the Captains have come a long way since they described themselves as sounding “like Sonic Youth at a school disco” a couple of years back. Despite one member of the crowd’s rather persistent heckling to the contrary, it was clear their continuing musical journey has been a positive one. The addition of the whisky sodden vocals and effortless guitar skills of Ric Booth has only increased their creative arsenal, and it’s clear the new line-up gels together excellently.

Bad Guys was a returning act for the Mutiny stage. Last time they visited, their audacious performance style included vocal extremity, job-loads of lycra and cock-rock-esque high fives across the stage. This time, the lycra had been traded for shorts, but the mind-splitting vocals and high fives were still there, along with a double-necked guitar. All the main musical boxes checked then.

I have to admit that what I like about Mutiny isn’t just the music - it’s the friendly crowd, the silly dancing and the lack of pretentiousness. These qualities seem so hard to find at live music events and I realised how much I’d missed Mutiny for providing them. After the gig, I found myself drinking with various members of the band and audience until the small hours of the morning. My final memory of the night involves bantering about our dads with a rather friendly member of Bad Guys, who was clutching a rather un-rock and roll red Thermos flask. As we all know, the best mutinies involve a Thermos.



MACHINEDRUM.

ROOM(S).
PLANET MU.

REVIEWER – TOM BELSHAW.

Are you growing weary of following what everyone else is doing? Have a penchant for condescension? Willing to take back years of hard graft slating your dad's music collection to reap its potential ironic gold mine? Well buddy, you need a 'scene'.

"But there are so many to choose from" I hear you yelp under the heavy cotton of that spiffing new checked shirt you're struggling with. Nonsense. Nobody likes a niche-er. Swedish black metal and Doris Day revivalists are small fry.

What you need is an umbrella scene that covers so much you'll be dining out on its potential avenues long after all those involved are working back at TK Maxx. I'm talking of course about upfront, forward thinking, future bass music. You can't go wrong with upfront, forward thinking, future bass music. Upfront, forward thinking, future bass music is everywhere.

I personally love upfront, forward thinking, future bass music, but it is not without its flaws. The problem with something staking claim to upfront-ishness and forward thinking-icity is that it is unable to be static by its very definition, so artists rarely spend time honing their craft in lieu of yet another reinvention.

Room(s) by Machinedrum (one half of Hotflush darlings Sepalcure) is testament to the idea that I often don't have a clue what I'm talking about. This album refuses to break any new ground. It bears some striking similarities to the current output of many of its peers, but it's downright blooming marvellous.

Joy O inklings of rumbling drums, meandering chords and syncopated vocal pops announce themselves on opener 'She Died There'. HudMo has a fitted cap doffed his way through the bashiness of current single 'Sacred Frequency'. There are even nods to forward thinkers of days gone by in the Metalheadz-inspired glory of 'U Don't Survive'. But my personal favourite is 'GBYE' and its musings of 'the plant level from G Darius', as it ties in rather well with the 'remixing old Playstation game soundtracks' project I've literally just decided I'm doing.

These similarities are not unwelcome. These artists are some of the reasons the scene has gained so much notoriety and it's always nice to not be so 'forward thinking'. Machinedrum attempts and subsequently succeeds in striking a fine balance between progression and quality and thusly butters my upfront, forward thinking, future parsnips.

That sounded a lot better in my head.



WU LYF.

GO TELL FIRE TO THE MOUNTAIN.
LYF.

REVIEWER – IAN PENNINGTON.

Wu Lyf are one of those Myspace generation bands whose name precedes their music in the recognition stakes. They were born into a culture eager for an image, a reference point. People see smoke and think they're missing something, but as this quartet sought to stem the flames and move their bonfire out of the glare, allure became all the greater. It was Alex Turner's "don't believe the 'ype" all over again. So, surrounded by a swarm only aggravated by their mainstream introversion, the camera-shy collective sent scenesters weak at the knees and even managed to ruffle the feathers of industry bigwigs. "Who are these daring Mancs and why don't they fit into a neat Manc package along with all the other Oasis and Smiths tribute bands?" journo hacks and A&R scouts alike must have mused as they crammed into Manchester's Northern Quarter cafe venue An Outlet to see the band, only to be let down by a self-sufficient shun of interviews and financial label interference.

Whether withdrawn due to cold feet or marketing genius, even the name Wu Lyf draws an inevitable mystique. Its separations stand for World Unite and Lucifer Youth Foundation. Cool, right? It sounds like something you could envisage being a part of a Lord of the Flies start-up community. The acronym is the fence of exclusivity created around their corporation-free fun, but consequently is also the neon sign hanging up outside saying, 'PARTY INSIDE!' Groucho Marx's memorable quip, "I do not care to belong to a club that accepts people like me as members," may cast wit upon the scenario, but the opposite rings absolutely true.

The greater the mystery, the more you want to solve it. Recently shorn of their anonymity, Wu Lyf's debut full-length **Go Tell Fire To The Mountain** swings wide the gates of a perceived outsider gang. Welcomed in by 'Lyf', the album's first flicker of its fascination for organ interludes and undercurrents, sets a scene of sunrise. Further inside the recorded bounds of LYF's cathedral, epic echoes emanate from modulated guitars to coalesce with vocalist Ellery Roberts' irascible shrieks.

The cult set-up conjures the religious undertones, invigorating others to worship at the euphoric altar of LYF through a succession of uplifting crescendos, notably in 'Such A Sad Puppy Dog', 'Summas Bliss', 'We Bros' and closer 'Heavy Pop'. Indeed, the production sheen adds hymnal grandiosity to the scuzzed vocal melodies borrowed from late 80s / early 90s US alternative indie rock, with hints of Modest Mouse, Cymbals Eat Guitars and fellow Mancunian rockers The Longcut.

Is it the music or gang ethos that strikes such a heartfelt chord within the listener? Hard to say, but, almost certainly, without their mini empire they wouldn't have the same publishing clout as they've mustered for this debut. Also dabblers in film and photography, Wu Lyf are treading the same self-owned publishing path as Enter Shikari, maintaining artistic control by acting the Pied Piper and leading their LYF recruits away with them.



ZOMBY.

DEDICATION.
4AD.

REVIEWER – JACK SCOURFIELD.

It's becoming increasingly hard to maintain an aura of elusive anonymity in this day and age. If your name's not being bandied about willy-nilly by Scottish newspapers and 70,000 Twitter users, then Facebook will be busy scrutinising your photos from your secondary school leavers' ball in an attempt to automatically pinpoint you the next time a picture of a coconut that shares your poorly-trimmed facial hair crops up on the site. Of course, when it comes to the world of music, it's very easy to remain thoroughly anonymous. So easy, in fact, that 99% of the planet's bands are currently doing a stellar job of avoiding the rest of the global population's recognition entirely. The sly dogs. A harder task, though, is remaining elusive whilst churning out a string of high-quality, well-received releases. Despite his public shyness, Richard D. James' sinister grin can be found leering out from all manner of places, and even Hyperdub's shadowy 2-stepper Burial is now recognisable, so long as he's viewed from within a car, pointing a camera at himself.

But one who most people would still struggle to clock walking down the street is Zomby. On the back of a handful of glitchy 8-bit cuts on Ramp and Hyperdub, 2008 saw the recondite producer drop the magnificent early-rave tribute, **Where Were U in '92?**, which through the bristling complexity of his hardcore interpretations catapulted him into as much of the mainstream limelight as tends to shine on underground electronic music. In the years since, he's become almost as (in)famous for what he doesn't do – i.e. turn up to gigs – than for what he's released. But while his body of work has never quite matched Where Were U in '92? – including (spoiler alert) this latest outing on 4AD – Zomby's productions over the past few years have easily justified the hype surrounding Dedication.

Never one to 'sprawl', Zomby may occupy 16 tracks on Dedication but it still clocks in below the 40 minute mark. There's a noticeably less frantic, more restrained and introspective feel to the album, but it nonetheless retains echoes of Zomby's 2008 self. Opener 'Witch Hunt' lurches along in a hail of muffled discordant whirls, interjected with the occasional salvo of gunshots. 'Natalia's Song' will be a recognisable cut to those familiar with Burial and Kode9's haunting mix for Mary Anne Hobbs' last ever Radio 1 show last year, and is no less a gorgeous composition here as it was back in September, brushing a shuffled 2-step beat with bewitching vocal snippets to etch itself in to the ranks of Zomby's career highlights. Tracks like 'Black Orchid' and 'Digital Rain' brim with the kind of 8-bit swirls that would once feature regularly in any Zomby production. An appearance by Noah Lennox (aka Panda Bear of Animal Collective) half way through the record on 'Things Fall Apart' is a gem in itself.

Closing with the piano-led digital funeral march of 'Basquiat' and the shimmering 'MozaiK', it's clear that Dedication marks a new page in the Zomby anthology. Whether it's an indication of things to come, or merely a snapshot of one moment in time for the continually evasive and subversive producer, remains to be seen. It's safe to say though that, for as long as he continues to release music as good as this, he's welcome to keep wearing that Anonymous mask.



THE BLACK DOG.

LIBRE KULT (BOOK 1 OV 3).
DUST SCIENCE.

REVIEWER – SASHA LEVY-ANDERSSON.

This release from The Black Dog (currently Ken Dowdie, Martin Dust and Richard Dust) on Dust Science sees one of Sheffield's 'intelligent dance music' pioneers return with a typically well-sculpted double A side. 'Sculpted' is certainly the word for the ambient soundscapes that appear on this record, although fans of their previous album **Music For Real Airports** should be prepared for a thoroughly more techno-oriented sound.

On the A side 'Black Chamber Order' opens with a gentle ambience reminiscent of an Orbital track or some of the tracks from Music for Real Airports. It builds up with a minimal techno kick drum and an atmospheric bass line, all overlaid by rich synth textures with that characteristic depth out of seemingly simple production. The subtlety of production and the work that has obviously gone into melding it all together is particularly impressive. Techno fans will be pleased to hear a clacking kick/hi-hat combination, lending it a sound more characteristic of early Black Dog releases, a pleasing techy ebb and flow.

'Bass Mantra' on the AA side certainly lives up to its name. The intro opens with a rhythmical synth stab building a rolling tension with the promise of a hard-edged minimal beat. A layer of exciting and edgy bass builds the tension further, the kick and hi-hat introducing themselves to create a pleasingly throbbing track. This one is most certainly on the techno side of the group's releases and continually grows and shrinks – even more so than the A side. The synths and percussion give a moody character and a much more heads down style, featuring a rolling rhythm while still preserving that hypnotic drift so characteristic of the group's work over the years. This is definitely a set-builder of a track, most suited to DJs.

Libre Kult (Book 1 Ov 3) shows a welcome return to the techno style that can be recognised as far back as their earliest releases in 1989 and 1990. For those who are keen on the tight minimal production of The Black Dog, this is a winner. Although both tracks are similar in style they are sufficiently different to form a strong double A side, more suited to techno fans than those who may have been expecting something like Music For Real Airports. As usual, The Black Dog don't shy away from experimenting with their sound and we are treated to an atmospheric release full of dancefloor promise.

ILLUM SPHERE.

LONG LIVE THE PLAN.

INTERVIEW BY SAM WALBY.

Illum Sphere is Ryan Hunn, a Manchester resident in his early 20s with a somewhat original take on bass music. Stating his intentions with the **Incoming** EP in 2009, he has since released two fantastic mini albums on Manchester's Fat City imprint, **Long Live The Plan** and **The Plan is Dead**. He has also put material out on Martyn's 3024 label, as well as remixing his track 'Brilliant Orange'. Just back from the Red Bull Music Academy and another successful Hoya:Hoya event – hosted by himself and Jonny Dub – Ryan spoke to us about his art and an upcoming full-length album...

You've actually been in our mag before. We did an issue featuring Shaun Bloodworth's photography and you are in one of the photos. How did you get hooked up with Shaun?

Shaun hit us up around August last year, asking to come and photograph us all at Hoya. It was when Lorn and Kutmah were playing. He wanted some shots of those guys too, for his exhibition, so it worked out well. I'm a big fan of Shaun's work and it's been great getting to know him.

Do you consider Long Live The Plan & The Plan Is Dead two parts of the same release? When are you going to do a 'proper' full-length album?

That was the initial idea, but I got sidetracked with some other music and some personal stuff, so they came out much further apart than we initially had in mind. I'm working on a full length at the moment and I will fucking finish it.

What about your production set up - do you use much hardware?

I use a mixture of hardware and software. I'm shopping around for some more hardware at the moment.

What is your writing process like?

It really does vary. Sometimes drums first, sometimes melodies first. I often come up with little ideas in my head, walking places, so have just started humming stuff and recording it before I forget, then going back to it.

Does sampling play a large part in your tracks or do you record most elements yourself? For example, I can't work out if 'One For Dimlite' is built with home recordings or a weird bossa nova sample...

I don't sample too much. Only two tracks I've released have been built around samples. 'One For Dimlite' is one that everyone thinks is a sample, but it's all me: vocals, keys, guitar, bass, percussion. No samples at all.

Tell us a bit about how Hoya:Hoya got started.

Me and Jonny Dub just wanted to throw a party in a club, because we rarely played in clubs. I think when Hoya started I'd played in a club four times - the rest was just bars. We wanted to book people we wanted to see and that was about it. It was a pretty selfish thing really. We took over the Saturday slot which was left by the Electric Chair (a legendary Manchester night) at the Music Box. We did four there, but nearly stopped after the third because we were losing so much money. Then we moved it to The Roadhouse, started building it again and we're still there now.

What do you have planned and what are the criteria for taking on new artists? Are you only releasing local acts at the moment?

Events wise, more Hoyas. Label wise, we have HOYA003 out soon with Ikonika, Om Unit and Monky. We're working on 004 and 005 at the moment. The idea is basically that we only release new music from people who have played at Hoya, and it's all exclusive. So if there's stuff we hear from a new artist that we wanna sign, we'll get them to come and play Hoya first.

What have been the best Hoya:Hoya events so far in your eyes?

The Secret Series ones were pretty amazing. We didn't release the line ups or have names on any posters. We told a few people and just let the word spread. Those five secret ones were, to me, exactly what I wanted Hoya to be - not about any one individual but purely about the night as a whole. We run a party, but we're not promoters and we're not a promotions company. We wanted people to come just based on knowing what kind of thing goes down here. The special guests were a bonus, not the main draw, but everyone really stuck with us on it and they were all amazing.

Are you happy with the following you have built up in Manchester? Is it a good city to be based in?

Yeah, we're lucky. Manchester has got a rich history of all kinds of music and it's really starting to come good again - loadsa nights, loadsa parties, loadsa producers coming through. To be honest, I don't think people outside of the city quite realise the wealth of talent there is here. If you list it, it's pretty insane.

Do you have any remixes or collaborations coming up?

I remixed Kuedo's 'Starfox', which is due out soon, and another one I'm not sure if I can talk about. Me and Blue Daisy are gonna do one or two bits and I'm meant to be doing something with Ikonika for the All City collab series too.

You played at the Manchester Apollo last month with Battles, Ramadanman, Caribou, Actress...what was it like? Was this your biggest gig yet?

Audience wise not really, but it was definitely a milestone. I've seen some of my absolute heroes perform on that stage, so it was a real honour.

How have your shows in Europe and further afield gone down?

I love playing overseas. The gigs have been fun everywhere I've been, pretty much.

Any advice for aspiring producers?

I could do with some advice myself to be honest.



hoyahoya.tumblr.com
soundcloud.com/illum-sphere

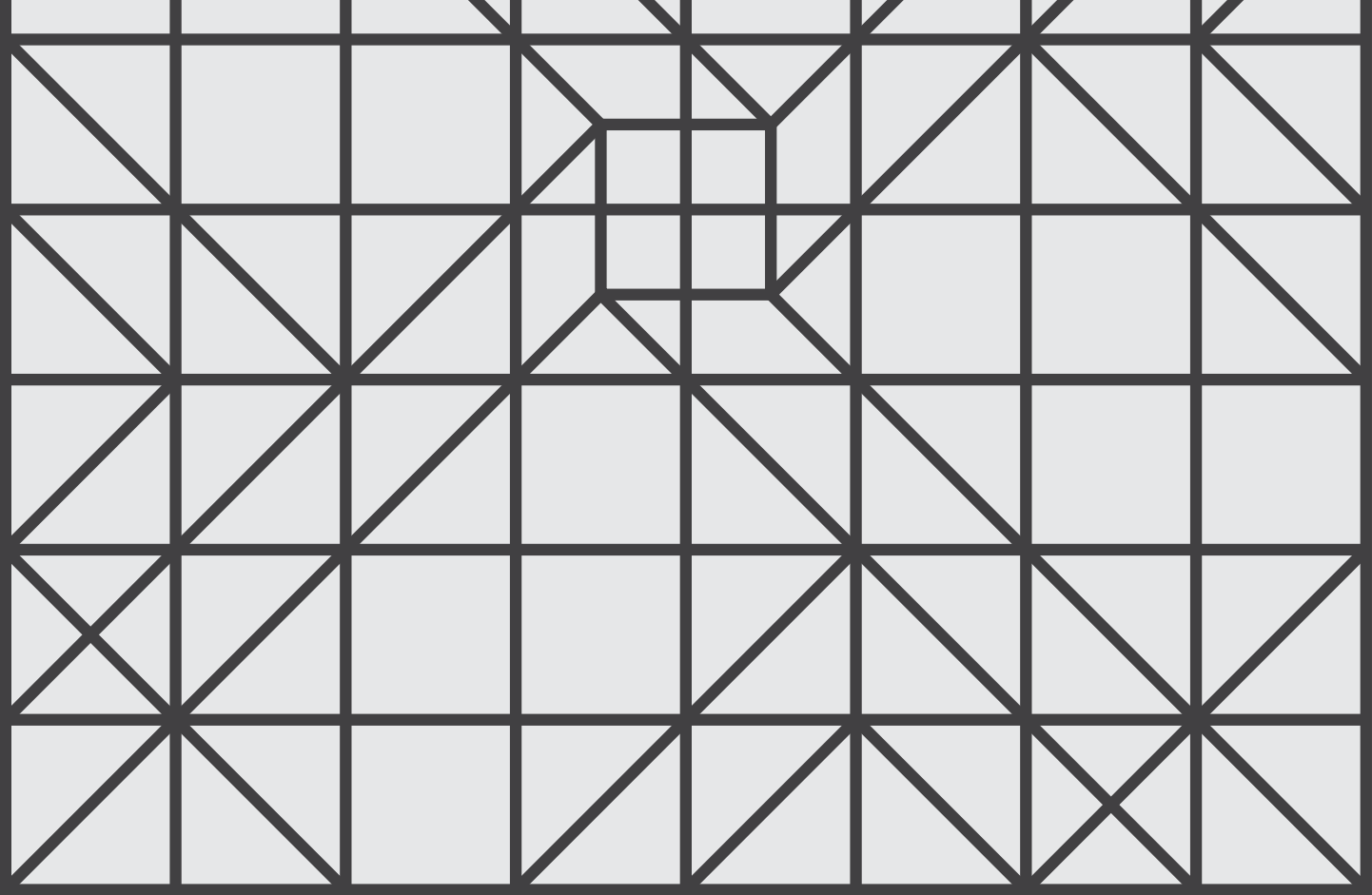


IMAGE : JONES.

MINIMALISM.

BEYOND THE NARRATIVE.

BEN DOREY.

I am standing surrounded by bodies flailing in a field, the beat progressing ever forward at a steady tempo but creating the illusion of standing still. As the rhythms continue, their evolution barely perceptible, I remember a quote from John Cage - 'In Zen they say if something is boring after two minutes, try it for four. If still boring, try it for eight, sixteen, thirty two and so on. Eventually one discovers that it is not boring at all but very interesting.'

Dance music, especially techno and its offshoots, has as a backbone a constant revolution of looping beats and bass that are presented unfettered by any narrative. No questions are asked of the music's emotional origins or of a story behind it - not because there is no tale behind its creation, but because such a thing is unimportant to the music. One of the underlying aims in musical minimalism is the distancing of the creator from the product. As minimal avant-gardist Tom Johnson put it to his pupils, 'I am not interested in autobiography'.

Dance music has become one of the most lucrative facets of the music industry, with leading artists in the genre earning footballer's salaries for their efforts. Whether in Ibiza or any small town across Europe, you will find people convening to dance to music that seems at odds with trends in the rest of popular media. Whilst our lust for narrative in other mediums spirals ever onwards - whether in the form of TV series, popular novels or the weaving by news journalists of scattered events into grandiose stories - we are increasingly drawn to music without one.

The re-establishment of this minimal mode of music is a relatively recent development in the canon of western music. In fact, it stands very much at odds with the dominant trend of ever increasing narrative that has been evident at least since Romanticism took a hold. Beethoven's famously emotive symphonies were revolutionary precisely because of the amount of himself he put into the music, with titles such as 'Eroica' for his third symphony suggesting lofty emotions and themes running above the score, the music itself a collection of signifiers for human experiences. As the 19th century progressed, leading composers moved towards more narrative forms, with opera and ballet being received for the first time as equal to symphony in worth, and symphony itself ever evolving into more romantic, narrative form.

Mahler, one of the preeminent romantic symphonists, went so far as to use the literature of Goethe as a basis for his eighth symphony, employing a choir as well as an orchestra to enable verbal realisation of the stories behind his compositions. All of this music is brilliant, and I don't want to suggest some kind of hierarchy between different musical styles, but it interests me that for a prolonged period almost no western music was composed outside this linear style.

In the 20th century ideas were explored that led away from such grandly structured narrative music. Jazz's extensive reliance on improvisation led to a less tightly controlled, more free-form story being told by the music, and as its explorations of musical possibilities went further often struck upon moments where the grander structures of music were eclipsed by the immediacy of repeating patterns. At the same time, blues musicians were relating the stories of centuries of oppression over the entrancing repetition of the twelve bar, and avant-gardist's such as Cage, Boulez and Stockhausen developed classical music which experimented with the repeating phrase to the point that some of their compositions can be seen as precursors to modern dance music. The next generation of popular musicians included figures who developed the music of repetition further, whether in the proto-electro of Kraftwerk or the adaptation of blues and jazz tropes into the cyclic grooves of disco. It only needed the pioneers of house and techno to strip down that music to discover at its skeletal essence a radically different form of composition. The steady, paradoxically timeless groove of constant tempo and repeating rhythm had returned to the music of the west, and though disco died we kept dancing.

I won't attempt to put my finger on the reason why we have such a strong reaction to repetition. Whether you feel a gradual assimilation with the music through dance or enjoy the constant pond of sound in which you read the ripples is very much down to the individual. But in a world in which we are consciously and subconsciously conditioned to understand, by way of narrative, the minimal music of repetition - whether it's dance, ambient, avant-garde classical or the rhythmical folk traditions of Africa and the Indian subcontinent - provides us with an opportunity to meditate and briefly escape the complications of modern existence. In a society that sidelines achieving such states through religious or spiritual practice, this is no bad thing.

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FILMREEL.

SPLICED MEMORIES – PART 2.

...And here’s the second round of our insider’s view of the art of film editing. Having delivered the image article in the last issue, we now conclude it by exploring sound.

As before, we are offering you a brief and personalised insight into this most crucial side of filmmaking. When it comes to sound, few can put it better or more soberly than David Lynch, when he says “Sound is a great pull into a different world. And it has to work with the picture – (...) without it you’ve lost half the film.”

Again, the decision to intersperse knowledge from a selection of filmmakers that I admire with key entries from the production diary of my own latest project offers a much required clarity.

WEDNESDAY, 18TH MAY 2011/WHDE DIARY ENTRY

With the additional material in place, the pilot episode of the Web Series ‘Where Her Dreams End’ gains an added dimension. The extra scene is gritty and an interesting narrative detour. Simultaneously, I’m perplexed by the extraordinary way in which everything now just flows, inspiring me to take the first proper steps into the sound design...

An initial unsettling scene is made denser with the low hum of a Tibetan Monks choir. A drone that accompanies it comes back briefly in the subsequent hospital interior - when the swift reflections of traffic passing outside move over a wall. And a sound sample of a hospital located near a US airbase underlines perfectly the tension with which the scene culminates...

As sound offers a much vaster spectrum of possibilities than image, the need to abide by simpler basic rules is imperative. As the great Walter Murch, legendary editor of such films as **Apocalypse Now** (1979), **The Godfather** (1972) and **The English Patient** (1996), elaborates: “(...) the big three things—which are emotion, story, and rhythm—apply to sound just as much as they apply to picture. You are always primarily looking for something that will underline or emphasise or counterpoint the emotion that you want to elicit from the audience. You can do that through sound just as well as through editing, if not more so. Rhythm is obviously important; sound is a temporal medium. And then story. You choose sounds that help people to feel the story (...)”

In my own work, I always try to create a balance between the integrity of what was captured (and is quintessential to a given scene) and the design that gradually formulates itself as I progress. The latter is where most of the creativity is lodged, of course. It’s also what will be almost exclusively responsible for the mood the audience will take away with them – even if they are unable to put it into words. In this particular project that I’m working on, ‘words’ became a problem during production, threatening the above-mentioned integrity at this later stage...

WEDNESDAY, 25TH MAY 2011/WHDE DIARY ENTRY

The need for such extensive dubbing makes me uneasy. After a lengthy (but thoroughly enjoyable) recording session with a gifted voice artist last night, it’s all up to me and my expertise. I’m not entirely confident, but the process is unavoidable so that the project retains the standard of quality we’re all aiming for. It goes smoothly, to begin with, but soon the first stumbling block comes about and highly detailed sound surgery is required. Frame by frame... Cross-fading words in well-delivered lines in order to lip-synch... I have many hours of this ahead of me. So, take a deep, deep breath...

Dubbing remains a dubious device. Certainly if employed to serve a cultural convenience – when countries get commercially-released films dubbed in order to make foreign works readily (if not lazily) available to their people – but also, to an extent, if rooted in a given filmmaking tradition. The process itself makes you doubly aware of the purpose, function and power of the text. The spoken word is counterpointed with the purely poetic visual essence the film should display and can attain an almost religious value.

This was more than apparent in the works of Andrei Tarkovsky who, notably in **Stalker** (1979), used the dubbing process to change lines completely and insert Biblical references into the narration. But, in fact he used dubbing throughout his career - something that may have started as following on a Russian tradition, but that was quickly to become just another aspect to be perfected and orchestrated in post-production.

TUESDAY, 7TH JUNE 2011/WHDE DIARY ENTRY

Layering continues, with over a hundred and fifty sound effects (and counting)... The design has evolved. I try to remain faithful to the intended tone, but visual elements made new by repetition seduce me. Cues in the sound entice me and I pursue new densities. Renewed textures are made more organic – like the discreet addition of a vinyl record crackling to a Skype conversation... A painful memory verbally evoked by a character is underlined by a distant morning prayer recorded at a temple in India, which in turn contrasts with the corporate surroundings of the scene...

In just a few days’ time, original music will find its way into this world created by me. Emotion will be mediated, supported, communicated... I’m looking forward to that moment of exhilaration, when my good friend and collaborator Matt Howden calls me back to his studio to show me how he achieved what I requested and, more importantly, how he diverted from it for the sake of a better outcome.

Flashback to 26th March 1995, when I was a singer in the Portuguese rock band Freud’s Groin and we were recording our demo at what was then the best studios in Lisbon. How the work of mixing and producing four tracks was infused by my cerebral contribution - which put forward the insertion of police sirens in the most urban track, ominous bells in another and an extract from a Stravinsky piece together with echoing seagulls in the final, allegorical one.

Despite the coherence of these being praised at the time, I can only assert that, limited or simplistic as it might’ve been, I was already aiming to communicate on another level. Something that could only be fully satisfied by doing what I do now.

Essential Reading:

The Conversations
– Walter Murch and the Art of Editing Film by Michael Ondaatje

Fine Cuts – The Art of European Film Editing by Roger Crittenden

Sculpting In Time by Andrei Tarkovsky

The Films of Andrei Tarkovsky:
A Visual Fugue by Vida T. Johnson and Graham Petrie

In the Blink of an Eye: A Perspective on Film Editing
– Revised 2nd Edition by Walter Murch

whereherdreamsend.blogspot.com
matthewden.com

JOÃO PAULO SIMÕES IS A PORTUGUESE FILMMAKER LIVING AND WORKING INDEPENDENTLY IN SHEFFIELD. HIS WORKS INCLUDE ANTLERS OF REASON AND AN ARRAY OF MUSIC VIDEOS AND DOCUMENTARIES. VISIT CAPTURAFILMES.BLOGSPOT.COM.

DOC/WONDERFUL.

REVIEWER - ALEX KEEGAN

Little did anyone know that the most sought-after commodity at this year’s Sheffield Doc/Fest was not an aged cinema master nor a hype-fuelled debut, but in fact a curvaceous bottle of concentrated pomegranate juice. No, the documentary world has not given up the distribution of films to pursue interests related to high anti-oxidant drink sales. The drink in question was POM Wonderful, the ‘official sponsor’ of Morgan Spurlock’s latest film **POM Wonderful Presents: The Greatest Movie Ever Sold**.

Recognised as the man behind **Super Size Me**, Spurlock is every bit the showman and his film enthusiastically bounds through the world of Hollywood marketing, creating a film about product placement which itself is entirely funded by product placement. The drink tastes a bit like sour undiluted Ribena; the film - entertaining, at times missing the mark as a scathing critique of consumerism, but the director’s unashamed eagerness for knowingly selling out is hilarious.

After the madness that was the opening night, delegates and the public were subject to some of the most exciting documentaries around. Alma Ha’rel’s **Bombay Beach** was among the most poetic films in competition. It interweaves the lives of rural California’s inhabitants with choreographed dance sequences to create a melancholic, lyrical tale of ordinary people. The Special Jury prize went to **The Interrupters**, a film about ex-cons in Chicago as they attempt to intervene in gang conflicts to stop violence. One of Britain’s leading experimental documentary filmmakers, John Akomfrah was at the festival screening his latest gem **The Nine Muses**, an idiosyncratic look at the experiences of immigrants coming to the UK in the 70s. The film blends archive footage, serene shots of the Alaskan landscape, poetry, philosophy and sound design to convey the alienation and insignificance many immigrants feel when arriving on our shores. A staggering ‘drama of becoming’, in which Akomfrah engages with notions of black British identity and memory.

The Doc/Fest Lifetime Achievement award went to much-loved veteran cinematographer Albert Maysles, one of the founders of Direct Cinema – a 60s movement dedicated to documenting life in its purest form, filming events as they unfolded in long uninterrupted takes. His documentary debut **Salesman** is a classic and held by many as the definitive portrait of the American spirit. He has made films about The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, Muhammad Ali and John F Kennedy while in their prime.

Another masterful presence was that of Martin Scorsese, whose **A Letter to Elia** is a loving paean to director Elia Kazan, who practically discovered Marlon Brando and James Dean, as well as creating some of the most powerful actor-orientated films of the 50s. Scorsese’s intimate portrait of a man who so sharply divided his contemporaries’ opinion - crucially with his contribution as a witness before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1952 - makes for a cathartic experience. Scorsese, whose films are so often associated with masculinity and the expression of violence, becomes much more emotionally candid.

Talk of ‘revolutions in technology’ was once again on everyone’s lips as the ominous presence of Twitter made itself known. At any point in the festival the socially-empty phrase “follow me on Twitter” was never far away. Adam Curtis was milling about and made his thoughts on the subject clearly known, stating in a masterclass that the phenomenon is a “self-aggrandising, smug pressure group”. He was at the festival to promote his latest television triptych **All Watched Over By Machines of Loving Grace**, which joyfully denounces faith in technology as a means to its moral salvation. Another cynically polemical message.

Another far more promising advancement is that of the humble DSLR camera, which is revolutionising documentary filmmaking. Its unbelievable lightness, cheapness and fantastic image quality means filmmakers no longer have to compromise on quality if they want to make a film in extreme circumstances. No one could argue that this is what was demanded of Dangfung Dennis, whose employment of a DSLR in **Hell and Back Again** meant he could join foot soldiers deep behind enemy lines in Afghanistan. Dennis is a war photographer whose growing frustration at the morally indifferent reception his photos were receiving inspired him to start filming his experiences. The finished result is disorientating and brutally honest.

With more delegates, masterclasses, sessions and films than ever before, Doc/Fest is quickly becoming an assured Sheffield institution. Now all that’s left to do is try and get the gustatory bitterness of POM Wonderful out of our mouths.

GIVE UP TOMORROW.

DIRECTOR - MICHAEL COLLINS.

REVIEWER - PHILL JAMES

This year’s Doc Fest was bigger than ever, with more venues, more events and more unique and wonderful documentaries, but you would have been hard pushed to find one more compelling than **Give Up Tomorrow**.

In 1997, the Chiong Sisters went missing in the Philippines, supposedly raped and murdered. The film tells the story of Paco Larranaga, wrongfully imprisoned for over 14 years for a crime he couldn’t possibly have committed. With 42 witnesses, photographs and exam attendance records placing his whereabouts as hundreds of miles away from the scene of the crime, we watch in increased horror as a scandalous miscarriage of justice unfolds.

What makes the production so captivating is how at each and every turn you keep expecting somebody to realise how absurd this all is. Instead we get a damning representation of a justice system that not only doesn’t work, but is shown to be riddled with lies, corruption and false evidence. While the film has an agenda, it does not use it to create unnecessary bias. Some of its more unsavoury characters are damned by simply watching them speak on camera. One scene near the end, in which we see the mother of the two daughters speak about Paco, must rank as one of the scariest moments in cinema. The real crime here is not only the false charges levelled at Paco and his alleged “co-conspirators,” but that the actual criminals will never be brought to justice for such an appalling crime.

Like all great films in this medium, Give Up Tomorrow works both as an exceptional documentary and as an enthralling, heart-breaking story. Collins and his producer Marty Syjuco should be lauded for their achievements, not only for creating such a tense and terrifying piece of cinema, but in providing a weighty tribute to its horribly wronged star. I urge you to give up your tomorrow, to watch it right away.

giveuptomorrow.com





THE SHEFFIELD BREWERY COMPANY.

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BURTON ROAD, S3 8BT.
(0114) 2727256. / SALES@SHEFFIELDBREWERY.COM

In keeping with our adoration of real ale and everything Sheffield, the award winning Sheffield Brewery Company is perfectly placed on this page. Now in its fifth year, the brewery is a full scale ten-barrel burgeoning micro-brewery which has created a fine range of quality real ales based on the city's famous names as its core range.

Customers are really enjoying the taste of Sheffield and, according to Tim and Pete at the brewery, "our beers are just as popular in Inverness and the Isle of Wight as they are here in South Yorkshire. We deliver through the Society of Independent Brewers Association's direct delivery scheme but also welcome interest from new landlords and new distributors to create new delivery routes."

We recommend trying their wondrous beer in one of the many pubs around town, not least at the brewery's tap, the Gardeners Rest in Neepsend, where Eddy keeps a cellar of fine ales.

The Sheffield Brewery Company enjoys a great reputation locally for supporting outdoor festivals. Having been specially selected to brew the Tramlines Special for Sheffield's free urban musical festival and being the brewery of choice at this year's Cliffhanger Festival, these guys are firmly on the real ale map.

Based in Albyn Works, built on Burton Road in the 1800s as home to the famous Blanco polish, the brewery is one of many artisan businesses in a bustling community of furniture restorers, metal fabricators and web designers.

The Sheffield Brewery Company is unique in its ability to host fun and authentic brewery tours for any occasion, be it an end of year party, stag or hen do or corporate event. The full size bar, rescued from the demolition of the University's Ranmoor Halls, adds to a brilliant atmosphere. Tim and Pete have made this a great success and offer a range of real ales (and wine ssh!) inclusive with the venue. Hired for World Cup events or as a launch party venue, there's even talk of karaoke. Food is locally sourced from either the Crusty Cob's pie experts or chef Sergey's BBQ in summer. The brewery tours are great value for money and you get to see and hear how lovingly their craft beer is produced.

Landlords and distributors are invited to pop in with this month's copy of Now Then and collect two free pint tokens from the brewery, then nip along to the Gardeners Rest to enjoy a relaxing pint with a friend.

TEEBAG DESIGNS @ KUJI.

405 ECCLESALL RD.
0114 268 3822. / KUJISHOP.CO.UK
TEEBAGDESIGNS.CO.UK

Regular readers will by now be well aware of our love affair with Kuji and while "get a room" rings out across the city, we're here to tell you about our latest reason to declare our love from all seven hills. We're talking TeeBag.

For those hitherto unfamiliar with this shop-come-gallery of greatness, the way they conduct themselves will no doubt enamour them to you, dear Now Then reader. They have a strict policy against stagnancy, making for worthwhile regular visits to see what's new each month. They work with the principles of integrity and quality at the forefront. Tat hunters will be left very disappointed. But perhaps most awesomely of all, they go out of their way to showcase the talents of emerging artists in Sheffield.

Alongside the monthly featured artist whose work can be seen in their window display, the latest platform for the Kid Acnes of tomorrow is their range of original t-shirt designs. The TeeBag brand is on a mission to allow local and emerging artists to sell their wares in the shop and online, serving as a way of getting their work seen as well as making them a few quid to help with their latest projects and exhibitions.

The way it works is simple. Kuji pays the artists for their designs. They continue to pay them commission on every sale they make - be it a t-shirt, a bag or some stationary. They also feature each artist's work on their own TeeBag website and networks, as well as a full product description on the Kuji website itself - a massive help to those who find themselves constantly embroiled in the tasteless task of self promotion, rather than working on their next piece.

Working with local printing companies and manufacturers is also key, with all materials strictly eco-friendly, carbon neutral and hand printed, as well as each design being limited to one run of print.

TeeBag and Kuji will be running stalls at local events including Tramlines and Devonshire Market. They will also be holding events and pop-up shops, and are looking to sponsor relevant nights around Sheffield. So keep an eye out when on foot and online.

FAVOURITES.

OUR PICK OF THE BUNCH.

DO IT TOGETHER.

FORUM BAR.
127-129 DEVONSHIRE STREET.
0114 272 0569. / FORUMSHEFFIELD.CO.UK

For the whole of next month, the Forum will be hosting an exhibition that breaks from the tradition of just one artist's work being shown. The Do It Together group exhibition aims to highlight the inherent self importance of the notion of Do It Yourself. The idea that it is always better to have complete autonomy in any area of our lives - including our art - is arguably the ugliest of our still lingering primate instincts, ruling out the possibility of some outside help actually benefiting the outcome of our endeavours greatly.

Of the eleven artists featured there are some established Now Then favourites, including Phlegm, Tom J Newell and Kid Acne, alongside some up and coming talents from far and wide. There will be no definite theme or concept, but don't be surprised if it all comes together nicely.

EDINBURGH COMEDY PREVIEW.

THE RED DEER.
18 PITT STREET. / 0114 272 2890.
8PM, £3/£5.

This month, everyone's favourite backstreet city centre boozer is hosting an Edinburgh Festival comedy preview double bill.

One half of that bill will be George Cottier, whose off-beat observational style has somewhat disconcertingly been described as "the comedy equivalent of a blood covered poo". The other half will be Michael J Dolan, who pitches his stand-up show at "miserable grown-ups". Both sound like they will provide ample entertainment, with one show costing three quid and the double bill costing a fiver (or £4 in advance). Get laughing and get supping. Considering its location, this little establishment is sorely overlooked.

GAME OF THRONES.

BASED ON THE NOVELS OF GEORGE R. R. MARTIN.
HBO.

How to sum up Game of Thrones in such a short space? Epic. Epically epic. As epic as that picture of Chewbacca riding a giant squirrel killing Nazis. Only with more nudity. On one level it's a sumptuously created world with minute attention to detail, some excellent, visceral fight scenes and awesome boobage. But it's not all sex and swords. It's intricately plotted, intelligently scripted and exceedingly well performed by a large, predominantly British cast. Sean Bean is of course a delight, but mention has to go to the more peripheral characters, the spy masters and advisors whispering in the ears of the King, and the Kings before him, and the Kings after him. To go further would be to spoil it, but with season one over, get it watched before season two is aired.

SHEFFIELD WELLBEING FESTIVAL.

29TH JULY, 10AM-4PM, FARGATE.
SHEFFIELDMENTALHEALTHWEEK.CO.UK

We all know what we are supposed to do when it comes to looking after our physical health - eat our 5 a day, drink water, quit smoking, exercise. But looking after our mental health is a topic we often avoid due to stigma and a feeling it is out of our hands. This is not the case and on the 29th July Fargate will be turned into a showcase for just the opposite. The Wellbeing Festival will give services in the city a chance to shout about the range of support they offer people suffering with mental health and/or psychological issues and their carers, as well as promoting simple things we can all do to look after our mental wellbeing. There will be music, free taster sessions ranging from Zumba to parachute games, and even stilt walkers. Come on down and get involved.

THE UNIVERSITY ARMS.

197 BROOK HILL.
0114 222 8969.

Located just off Sheffield university campus, The University Arms is fast becoming a burgeoning home for live music and arts. This lovely, traditionally decorated pub has six different pumps and changes its excellent selection of real ales on an almost daily basis. A perfect stop in on the real ale trail around the City and out to Kelham Island, it provides great quality, locally sourced pub lunches from 12pm -2.30pm (we recommend the fish & chips), as well as sporting one of the finest and largest beer gardens in the city.

Worth a look in this month are their free entry live events on the 7th, 9th, 16th and 30th July, featuring the likes of The Call, Tom Rodwell, Duke Storr and The Slingshots.

OPUS ACOUSTICS.

SONG WRITING COMPETITION.
NOW OPEN.

Opus Acoustics, the new weekly intimate night at the Riverside, has been collecting quality tunes from local songwriters for a competition showcasing the best of Sheffield. The entries are in and now we need you to pick your favourite. The winner will bag a recording session at Yellow Arch Studios to get that tune sparkling!

Competition ends 31st July. Listen to the entries and place your votes via the Opus Acoustics Fan page on Facebook: facebook.com/opusacoustics

Check out raw Sheffield acoustic music and amazing artists from across the country at Opus Acoustics, every Thursday at The Riverside, 7.30pm, free entry.



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THIS IS YOUR CITY.



KEY.

■ = SHEFFIELD REAL ALES HOUSES & BREWERIES.

CROOKES/CROOKESMOOR.

1. GARDENERS REST.
2. KELHAM ISLAND TAVERN.
3. SHEFFIELD BREWING COMPANY.
4. THE RIVERSIDE BAR.
5. 18 BIKES.
6. THE RISING SUN.
7. THE HARLEQUIN.
8. DRAM SHOP.
9. HEARTBREAK THEATRE.

CITY CENTRE.

10. SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY.
11. THE UNIVERSITY ARMS.
12. THE HARLEY.
13. THE GREEN ROOM.
14. SYD & MALLORYS.
15. THE RED DEER.
16. THE BATH HOTEL.
17. THE OLD HOUSE.
18. CORPORATION.
19. THE PLUG.
20. SHOWROOM CINEMA.
21. THE RUTLAND ARMS..

ECCLESALL ROAD.

22. KUJI.

SHARROWVALE ROAD.

23. MONTH OF SUNDAYS GALLERY.
24. PORTER BOOKS.

LONDON ROAD.

25. DELANEYS MUSIC BAR.
26. SMART VENUE COFFEE.
27. REGATHER COOPERATIVE.
28. ABBEYDALE BREWERY.

NETHER EDGE.

29. S7 ELECTRICAL
30. THE OLD SWEET SHOP

